

so, a thousand times? Nay, according to the best of my ability, and with all the strength God gave me, haven't I *done so*? What other overmastering motive could have impelled me to do so? I have devoted so large a portion of my time to the advocacy of human freedom? Why did I set myself right across the path of that intellectual giant, Daniel Webster, and contest hand to hand, every step of his pro-slavery course? Why did I refuse to follow the political party with which I was connected? Why did I do so with my weapons, instead of their rewards? Why did I do and suffer these things, if it was not because I was opposed to Slavery, not only 'elsewhere and otherwise,' but everywhere and in all ways—in every fibre and pulse of my being? And, after all this is there, I do not say any justice, but there is there a decency in Mr. Paine's question? If there is, then, I am bound to answer him, that the all-comprehending wickedness of Slavery, then he should have plainly said so? and then, assuming I did say so, impute that I was guilty of an 'unworthy trick'?

THE SLAVEHOLDING GUARANTIES OF
THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21, 1853

* It is due to Mr. Phillips to say, that the ~~end~~ end of the italicised sentence, were not in the manuscript of Mr. Phillips, nor inserted by his request, but were inserted by another person.—*Ed. Liberator.*

constructive treasons for the punishment of in

not seem to be aware that the African Co
established nearly half a century before Qu
reign commenced. It is something new
tory of the American war of Independence

MRS. HALE TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND

...tend, and this was just two families. Of more parents who called to ask about sending children, only one other ventured to send

JUDICIAL DECISION ON A QUESTION OF
PERSONAL FREEDOM.

a dozen or permitted by his master, tolerating Slaves
ding their purpose into a State not tolerating Slaves
l any, and returning to his master, is not entitled to

* It is due to Mr. Phillips to say, that the ~~end~~ end of the italicised sentence, were not in the manuscript of Mr. Phillips, nor inserted by his request, but were inserted by another person.—*Ed. Liberator.*

from the penalties of treason, while the Government here sets all the foul ministers of the law to constructive treasons for the punishment of in

* The Times either is not aware of or does not think it worth while to note as a trifling exception to this remark that the Federal Government preferred to continue rather than abolish Slavery in Florida and Louisiana after their purchase, and that Mexico was overrun and dismembered by the armies of the U. S. that Slavery might be re-established over a vast territory from which it had been excluded.—Ed. Standard.

case if she has adherents, or even uneasy sensations in the minds of well-disposed citizens? Who are they—these "well-disposed citizens"? I suppose they are those law-abiding men of Mill and State Streets—these who "obey a law, while it is a law!" "Rather than that either of these should happen," continues the writer, "I would forego her services altogether; and the example, also, which is of infinite more importance." Isn't there magnanimity for you! It seems to me, that you rarely find such sentiments expressed as these. I think there is little, even in Daniel Webster's 7th of March speech, to compare with them. And yet, these are the sentiments of George Washington, the first person in Mr. Sumner's political triad; the "revered demigod" of his devotion and his worship!

Well, let me not pass along to the commentary of Mr. Sumner on that extract from the letter. He says, "The fugitive never was returned; but lived in freedom to a good old age, down to a very recent period, a monument of what?" A monument to the "mobocracy" that prevailed there? A monument to the humanity of the rioters, such as snatched Shadrach from the fangs of the destroyer? No! "She lived in freedom to a good old age, down to a very recent period, a monument of the just forbearance" of him whom we apply the title of "Father of his Country"! You must remember what I just read from George Washington's letter. What did he in his "just forbearance," say must be the condition of her re-capture? Did he say, "Let her be civilly and kindly escorted to go back, and if she declines returning, then let her remain—let her 'live in freedom to a good old age,' and Heaven bless and reward her for what she has done for me?" If he had said this, then there would have been some slight foundation for the language I just now read. But was the poor victim to be consulted at all, more than if she were a dumb beast? On the contrary, did he not brand those as "rioters" and "mobocrats" who should seek to rescue her from his clutch?

Now, Mr. Sumner tells us that "she lived in freedom to a good old age, a monument of the just forbearance of him whom we apply the title of 'Father of his Country'!" I know of no instance that is a parallel to this monstrous logic, except it be in the history of Jesus of Nazareth. "The Scribes and Pharisees sought to put him to death; but they feared the people." They took up stones to cast at him—"but they feared the people." They went forth and "took counsel together how they should put him to death; but they feared the people." Three years they hunted him like any kidnapper; but they feared the people. So, Jesus of Nazareth lived, according to Mr. Sumner's logic, to good old age—at least, he lived a time—"a monument of the just forbearance" of the Scribes and Pharisees (laughter and cheers!).

If I do injustice, in the position I take, to Gen. Washington, or to Mr. Sumner, let the injustice be pointed out. He says, "she lived a monument of the just forbearance of him whom we apply the title of 'Father of his Country'." But yet, it was only the fear of a mob or riot, that prevented him from snatching his victim at all hazards, and hurrying her back to the deep perdition from which she had escaped, to weep and wail away the rest of her existence.

But let us go a little further. "It is true," continues Mr. Sumner, "that she sought her return. This we must regret, and find its apology." Indeed! "Find its apology!" It seems to me, the Free Soil party might be better employed than in electing Senators to "find apology" for kidnappers, in high or low life. Why, they could have employed ministers to do the work for half the money it costs to pay Charles Sumner. Boston has got a multitude of such ministers, who are ready to volunteer, and do volunteer, to apologize for kidnapping and kidnappers! But yet, "we must find an apology," he says, for Washington seeking to re-capture that slave—and that slave, a mother! I did not know that it was necessary to find any apology. "This we must regret, and find its apology." "From this act of Washington, still swayed by the policy of the world, I appeal to Washington writing his will." And what was Washington writing his will? That document provided that all the slaves he had, should live and die slaves, if he happen to outlive them; and that every child should drink the terrible sacrament of sweating, sorrow and anguish which their fathers and mothers had drunk, if he or his widow should happen to outlive them. (What if he had lived as long, perhaps, as Daniel Webster is going to live? You know he said, anticipating victory, "I still live!") Suppose Washington did say his slaves, having served him and his wife while they lived, should, at their death—having no children to whom to bequeath them—be set free? Why, in Heaven's name, might they not be set free then? When there was nobody to inherit them, and the owner could use them no more, what was there of magnanimity in setting them free? "From this act of Washington, still swayed by the policy of the world," says Mr. Sumner, "I appeal to Washington writing his will." From Washington on earth, I appeal to Washington in Heaven! And yet, Washington lived and died a slaveholder—lived a slaveholder, and died leaving a will bequeathing his slaves to his only heir, his wife!—and then "ascended to Heaven!" You remember, when Gersuch was killed at Christiana, that a leading Methodist journal published a long obituary, proclaiming him the most eminent saint of the day, always excepting, of course, Daniel Webster. I was proclaimed, among other things, "a model Methodist!" and it was represented of him, that he was now walking the streets of the New Jerusalem. I saw an old emancipated slave woman in Ohio, and she spoke—for she was once herself a member of the Methodist Church—she spoke of her brother Gersuch, represented to have been a model Christian, and she said, "If the like of Gersuch goes to Heaven, I tell you his child will hire her board in 't'other place.'" If Gen. Washington, after such acts as this, and such sentiments, got to heaven, why, we might as well not have any other place.

"From Washington on earth," says Mr. Sumner, "I appeal to Washington in Heaven." His death is above his life. I have heard a good deal said before of death-bed repentance; but I never heard of very highly extolled. This is one of the most illustrious instances in which I have heard it commended. "His last testament cancels his authority as a slaveholder. However he may have appeared before man, he came into the presence of God only as the liberator of his slaves!" I do not know how such a sentiment strikes you, Mr. Chairman, but to my mind, it strikes at the foundation of all morality, and mocks all true religion. It seems to me that it utterly annihilates all moral distinctions. It allows the kidnapper and slaveholder to pursue their prey, and then to plunder them until Death shall come, and proclaim their deliverance. Why may not the pirate on the high seas as well, why may not the perpetrator of any other crime, no matter how bloody or how black, pursue his unhallowed business as long as life be lengthened out, and then just die and go up absorbed to heaven; only by virtue of having "quitted his plunder when he could hold it longer?"

Now, Mr. Chairman, we are to suppose that this is the best the Free Soil party could do? Was it for such morality and such devotion to liberty as this, that we were requested and urged to suspend our moral agitation, and allow Charles Sumner to be elevated to the Senatorship of the United States? Was it for this that the laws of Massachusetts must be trampled under foot, while poor Sims was held captive in the Court House, fattening for the slaughter to which he was soon to be led; and that building surrounded with chains, and with a bristling cordon of police, more hateful than scorpions? Was it for such morality and such devotion to liberty as this, that all these sacrifices were made, and all this shame endured? I have read the character of the Whig party to very little purpose, if there can be found in its speeches anything more gross, more profane, or more blasphemous towards God's law, towards Liberty, Justice, and true Religion, than is the morality of this—the first and last speech of the illustrious Free Soil Senator from Massachusetts, before the illustrious legislative body of the United States.

Mr. Chairman, I will not longer detain the audience. I have taken this opportunity, at the opening of the meeting, to throw out these remarks, in the hope that

they may cause earnest inquiry, and awaken deeper reflection on this subject. I trust a course will be taken in this meeting, that shall give to the character which our meetings have always hitherto been so fortunate as to possess.

I am not discouraged that the house is not filled; I am not discouraged at what some call the apparent coldness on the part of the friends of humanity. But I will tell you what is to be deplored; and that is, that under the influence of such sentiments as those that I have read, very much of this coldness has been produced. It is not on account of the Seventh of March speech. That speech roused all the humanity and love of liberty in Massachusetts, and wherever else its blasphemies went. But the speech of Charles Sumner in Congress has done much to lay the Spirit of Freedom, in this Commonwealth, low in the dust. The effect of that oration will be remembered and felt when the effect of Daniel Webster's speech shall be forgotten. I have nothing to say in regard to the motives of the Senator, nor of his constituents. I institute no comparison as to the designs of these two great men; one of whom has just closed a long, but sadly inglorious public life, and the other is now beginning what may be more or less inglorious, according as he himself shall elect. But of this I feel sure—a few more such speeches as Mr. Sumner's must be the death-knell and warrant of political Anti-Slavery, if it seal not also the doom of the moral and religious agitation, the last rainbow of promise—the Forlorn Hope of the Slave.

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CXX.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent exulteth in the Fourth of March—And Why?—The Day of Reward and of Judgment—Illustrious Insignificance—The Correspondent endures the Political Giant and the Political Dwarf—The New Hampshire Gulliver—The Correspondent giveth a Recipe for a Presidential Pie—Who put in the plums and who is to pull them out—The Correspondent on Vice Presidents—On qualifications for Cabinet—He doth justice to Mr. Marcy's patched breeches—Also to Mr. Cushing—He acknowledges his ignorance—He narrowly escapeth a bel—He exalteth the Past and saith the Former Days were better than these—And why?—He is orthodoxical—He is apologetic—He computes his Literary Executors and maketh a Codicil to his Will, &c. &c.

Boston, March 4, 1853.

This is a delicious day! I don't mean to do the weather, which is well enough—but that is nothing to the purpose. I mean it is a day of eminent satisfaction to your Correspondent. For is it not the day to which all the Rascals of 1850, and the time following, looked as the Day of Reward? And is it not the Day of Judgment, instead, to those miserable sinners? It was to this very day of all days that Webster, and Clay, and Cass, and Scott, and Marcy, and Douglass, and Dickinson, and Fillmore, and Buchanan, and all the rest of 'em, were looking forward when they committed, either as principals or as accessories after the fact, the Crime of the Compromises. The glow of this sun it was, seen in vision so long before, that lighted them on to those villanies. On this day each of them hoped to find himself hoisted on the shoulders of the people, or rather of one handful of slaveholding masters, into the Presidential Chair. And now where are they? Clay dead of a natural death, after giving Webster his coup de grace which, after a few months of agony, laid him broken-hearted in the tomb at Marshallfield. All the rest of them inglorious survivors, living to see the prize of their humiliation carried off by a man eminent only for his insignificance, and selected only because he had not the lead of their infamy to struggle against, and because he had the discretion not to touch it (publicly with one of his fingers! And if the Telegraph does not lie, Scott, and Cass, and Douglass, and Fillmore, are expressing their satisfaction at the result! O, it is a delicious day! Only to think of how their gorge must rise at it! As to the obscure tool who is preferred over him, nobody grudges him his success. The Slaveocracy must have a President, and he will appear the turn as well as any one. "A. A. Quins! Quins!" Such a divinity may be carved out of any log! And one could not have been chosen which would disappoint so many profligate adventurers. And that is what Justice most craves. It is a satisfaction of Nemesis.

But it is not odd to see how our public men dwindle as the country grows big! When the surface of our property was a very champagne one, when we lived in the Vale, as it were, at any rate we had pyramids in it, or, at least, giants walking over it. But now that our volcanic energies have heaved its old level to the height of Alps, we find only pygmies perched on them. With the single exception of Polk, we have never had a President that would not have had some sort of a place in History, until some Virginian Diogenes, mousing about with his lantern in search of an honest man of the particular stamp, picked up little Franklin Pierce somewhere in New Hampshire! And the American people, like the farmers in Brodingnag, had to put on their spectacles to see this new Gulliver, this political mannikin, this Presidential Gildrig! And then they took him up with their thumb and forefinger and tenderly set him down in the White House at Washington. But the smaller the puppet, the more readily will it obey the wires and hop this way or that, or turn summersets of any given pattern, according as the masters of the Show think good. Mr. Pierce will fulfil the mission of an American President as well as a bigger rogue. For all he has to do is to let the slaveholders have everything their own way, and call it Congression to Preserve the Union—a just Consideration of the Rights of All Parts of the Country—Administering the Government in a National and not a Sectional spirit. The formulas are all out and dried to his hand, and by men who had no notion when they were cutting and drying them, that they were doing it for his benefit. It is that that gives flavour and richness to his Inaugural. He may be as good a boy as Jacky Horner himself, as he puts in his thumb and pulls out those plums—but the cooks that put them there never meant them for his eating. So he does well to say grace for them as he devoutly does.

By the way, when I said that all the Presidents, except Polk, until now, were men that would have had some kind of a niche in history, had they never been President, of course I did not mean to include Messrs. Tyler and Fillmore. I forgot them (as who will ever remember either of them, except as the men that signed the Act admitting Texas and the Fugitive Slave Law?) and only meant the men chosen as real Presidents. And, then, the men of whom Cabinets are made now, one would think they, too, were chosen because nobody had ever heard of them! Of Mr. Pierce's Cabinet, Mr. Marcy has been mentioned occasionally, as Polk's Mexican War Secretary, and as the Governor of New York who charged the State fifty cents for the repair of an ensnared rent in his unmentionables, received in her service. I don't mention this last in his disparagement. Not at all. It was the most creditable thing I ever heard of him. It showed pecuniary honesty and exactness, like other Republican virtues, is getting a little scarce. When would Webster have made a charge like that? If he had had turn his breeches on public account, he would have charged Fifty Thousand Dollars for it, at least. Mr. Marcy has been heard of, and so has Caleb Cushing. He has had a notoriety, such as it is, and, whenever may be thought of him, nobody will deny him ability and industry. But who, in the name of wonder, are the others? Guthrie, Campbell, Dobbin, and the rest of them. I have no doubt they are very great men, as I infallibly believe in the immortal fame of the authors and authoresses on the cover of *Graham's Magazine*, only I must confess to never having heard of them. And it is not only this Constellation that surrounds the Rising Sun, but that which accompanied the Setting Luster of Mr. Fillmore. How many of their names can you count up on your fingers, Mr. Reader? If I were a sporting character, I would bet Sixpence that not one of my readers can name them over in two

*Our readers will remember that *Giddings* was the name given to Gulliver by his little name (not above forty feet high), Glumdalclitch, during his residence in that Empire.

minutes from this present reading. I am sure I couldn't.

Now, it was not always so. Whatever one may think of the ministers of the early Presidents, they were, at least, all eminent men. J. Jay, Jefferson, Hamilton, Knox, Pickens, Marshall, Madison, Gallatin, Monroe, Adams, and so on—scarcely one that had not an historical name, and who was not selected for some other reason than his coming from a particular part of the country. But the fact is, they are now perfectly insignificant—as much so as the underlings in their offices. They are only so many cyphers after the great black figure of Slavery, of no use but to increase the value of what stands before them. So a man of average general information may perfectly well discharge his memory of their names, while he would be ashamed not to know all about the prominent English ministers. For these stand for something, which the others do not. And so as to Congress, how many men of any national celebrity will there be in the next one? I rather think they could all be reckoned on the fingers of one hand. Indeed, the race of great men has been running out sadly the last quarter of a century. We have been hard put to it for idols, of late years. South Carolina has furnished us with the most respectable and the greatest in Calhoun, and yet she had produced Robert Goodloe Harper and William Lowndes. Clay has been all that Virginia has had to show for Patrick Henry and William Wirt. And poor Massachusetts, after having produced Samuel Dexter and Fisher Ames, is reduced to apolothesize such a mercenary political attorney as Daniel Webster! But Slavery is to blame for it all. Greatness cannot grow under such a shade as this. There is as much genius in the country now as ever there was; but Slavery clips its wings and cages it, if it venture within its reach, and so it generally keeps its distance. The eagle must be transformed into a "villainous fowl" before it can hope for any pickings on the National Duffin.

I protest I do believe I have been preaching all this time! I meant to have given you a good dish of gossip, and it is all one as a leading Article. It might have come from your Correspondent Editor next week—if he were capable of writing anything half so good. However, I am not often guilty of being sententious in my Epistles, so I hope you will excuse me, this once. I will do my best never to be wise again. I am chiefly concerned for my Literary Executors, who may be puzzled as to which division of my works this production properly belongs. But, to relieve their anxieties, I do hereby authorize them to reduce it either among my Rhetorical, Philosophical or Moral Works, or to retain it among my Familiar Epistles, as they may think the best interests of Posterity may demand. And this they may regard as a Codicil to my Last Will and Testament, which I have by me duly executed, in which I have provided for my family to the latest generations, at the expense of my private and public friends.—D. V.

Inaugural Address of President Pierce.

MY COUNTRYMEN: It is a relief to feel that no heart but my own can know the personal regret and bitter sorrow over which I have been borne to a position, so suitable for others, rather than desirable for myself. The circumstances under which I have been called, for a limited period, to plant the standard of the Republic, fill me with a profound sense of responsibility, but with nothing like shrinking apprehension. I repair to the post assigned me, not as to one sought, but in obedience to the unsolicited expression of your will, answerable only for a fearless, faithful and diligent exercise of my best powers. I ought to be, and am, truly grateful for the rare manifestation of the nation's confidence; but this, so far from lightening my obligations, only adds to their weight. You have summoned me in my weakness to a great and arduous task, your strength. When looking for the fulfilment of reasonable requirements, you will not be unmindful of the great changes which have occurred, even within the last quarter of a century, and the consequent augmentation and complexity of duties imposed in the administration both of your home and foreign affairs.

Whether the elements of inherent force in the Republic have kept pace with its unparalleled progression in territory, population and wealth, I have been the object of earnest thought and discussion, on both sides of the ocean. Less than sixty-three years ago, the Father of his Country made "the" then "recent accession of the important State of North Carolina to the Constitution a happy event, and the subject of congratulatory speeches." At this moment, however, the agitation consequent upon the revolutionary movement, had hardly subsided, when we were again called to the front by the weakness and embarrassments of the Confederation, there was an evident consciousness of vigorous equal to the great mission so wisely and bravely fulfilled by our fathers. It was not a presumptuous assurance, but a calm faith in the ability and integrity of the sources of power, in a government constitutional like ours. It is no paradox to say that, although comparatively weak, the new-born nation was intrinsically strong. Inconsiderable in population and apparent resources, it was upheld by a broad and fertile comprehension of rights, and an all-pervading purpose to maintain them, stronger than armaments. It came from the furnace of the revolution, tempered to the necessities of the times. The thoughts of the men of that day were as practical as those of the present. They wanted no portion of their energies upon idle and delusive speculations, but with a firm and fearless step advanced beyond the governmental landmarks, which had hitherto circumscribed the limits of a free republic, they planted their standard where it has stood, against dangers, which have threatened from abroad, and internal agitation, which has at times fearfully menaced at home. They approved themselves equal to the task of a great people, and, under the guidance of their minds, have been illumined by the dawning lights of the revolution. The object sought was not a thing dreamed of; it was a thing realized. They exhibited not only the power to achieve, but what history has shown to be a great and lasting capacity to maintain. The oppressed throughout the world, from that day to the present, have turned their eyes hitherward, not to find those lights extinguished, or to fear lest they should wane, but to be constantly reminded of the power of the Republic to maintain its position.

In this, our country has, in my judgment, thus far fulfilled its highest duty to suffering humanity. It has spoken, and will continue to speak, not only by its words but by its acts, the language of sympathy, encouragement and aid to the oppressed of every clime and tongue, which pronounces for the largest rational liberty. But, after all, the most animating encouragement and potent appeal for freedom will be its own history, its trials and its triumphs. Pre-eminently, the power of our country rests upon the fact that it has been able to be remembered, can be powerful for lasting good, whatever apparent advantages may be gained, which is not based upon eternal principles of right and justice. Our fathers decided for themselves, both upon the hour and the place, that great and arduous task, and under the guidance of a manifest and beneficent Providence, the uncomplicated endurance with which it was prosecuted to its consummation, were only surpassed by the wisdom and patriotic spirit of concession which they made to the claims of the great and good, and yet this vast increase of people and territory has not only shown itself compatible with the harmonious action of the States and the Federal Government in their respective constitutional spheres, but has secured an additional guarantee of the strength and integrity of both.

With an experience thus suggestive and cheering, the policy of my Administration will not be controlled by any timor of forebodings of evil from expansion. Indeed, I believe that the great and arduous task, and under the guidance of a manifest and beneficent Providence, the uncomplicated endurance with which it was prosecuted to its consummation, were only surpassed by the wisdom and patriotic spirit of concession which they made to the claims of the great and good, and yet this vast increase of people and territory has not only shown itself compatible with the harmonious action of the States and the Federal Government in their respective constitutional spheres, but has secured an additional guarantee of the strength and integrity of both.

past. The striking incidents of your history, replete with instruction, and furnishing abundant ground for hope and confidence in a period comparatively brief. But if your past is limited, your future is boundless. Its obligations through the unexplored pathway of advancement, and will be limitless as duration. Hence, a sound and comprehensive policy is imperative, not less the distant future, than the urgent present.

The great objects of our pursuit, as a people, are best to be attained by peace, and are entirely consistent with the tranquility and interests of the rest of mankind. With our neighboring nations, upon our mutual interests, we should cultivate kindly and fraternal relations. We can desire nothing in regard to them so much, as to see them consolidate their strength, and pursue the paths of prosperity and happiness. If, in the course of their growth, they should open new channels of trade, and create additional facilities for friendly intercourse, the benefits realized will be equal and mutual. Of the complicated European systems of national policy we have heretofore been independent. From their wars, their animosities and anxieties, we have been happily, and most entirely exempt. While these are confined to the nations which gave them existence, and within their legitimate jurisdiction, they cannot affect us, except as they appeal to our sympathies in the cause of human brotherhood. But the interests of our country, and the interests of commerce are common to all mankind, and the advantages of trade and international intercourse must always present a noble field for the moral inducement of a great people.

With these views firmly and honestly carried out, we have a right to expect, and shall, under all circumstances, require prompt reciprocity. The rights which belong to us as a nation, are not alone to be regarded, but those which pertain to every citizen in his individual capacity, and, above all, must be sacredly maintained. So long as we can discern every star in its place upon that ensign, without wealth to purchase for him preferment, or title to secure for him place, it will be his privilege, and must be his acknowledged right, to stand unshaken even in the presence of princes, with a proud consciousness that he is himself one of a nation of sovereigns, and that he cannot, in legitimate pursuit, wander so far from home, that the agent whom he sends behind him to place which I now occupy, will not send of no rude hand, and that his own passion is laid upon him with impunity. He must realize, that upon every sea, and on every soil where our enterprise may rightfully seek the protection of our country, and its flag is an inviolable panoply for the security of American rights. And, in this connection, it can hardly be necessary to re-affirm a principle which should now be regarded as fundamental. The rights, security, and repose of this Confederacy reject the idea of any foreign power, on one side of the ocean, by any foreign power, beyond present jurisdiction, as utterly inadmissible.

The opportunities of observation furnished by my brief experience as a soldier, confirmed in my own mind the convictions entertained upon this subject, and the formation of the Government, that the maintenance of large standing armies in our country would not only be dangerous but unnecessary. They also illustrated the importance, I might well say the absolute necessity, of a military and naval skill furnished by the citizen, such an eminent degree, by the institution which has made our army what it is, under the discipline and instruction of officers not more distinguished for their solid attainments, gallantry, and devotion to the public service, than for their learning and high social position. The army, as organized, must be the nucleus around which, in every time of need, the strength of our military power, the sure bulwark of your defence, and national militia—may be readily formed into a well-disciplined organization. And the same principle, of self-devotion of the Navy assure that you may take the performance of the past as a pledge for the future, and may confidently expect that the flag which will wave in the van of our every sea, will still float in undiminished honor. But these, like many other subjects, will be appropriately brought at a future time, to the attention of the co-ordinate branches of the Government, to which I shall always look with respect, and with a confident confidence that they will accord to me the aid and support which I shall so much need, and which their experience and wisdom will rightly suggest.

In the administration of domestic affairs, you expect me to be faithful to the public service, and an advocate of rigid economy in all departments, so marked as never justly to be questioned. If this reasonable expectation be not realized, I frankly confess that one of your leading hopes is doomed to disappointment and that the efforts of the nation, in the pursuit of its duty, will be in a humiliating failure. Officers can be properly regarded only in the light of aids for the accomplishment of these objects; and as occupancy can confer no prerogative, nor inordinate desire for preferment any authority, I am bound to re-assertively demand that they be considered with sole reference to the duties to be performed. Good citizens may well claim the protection of good laws, and the benign influence of a good government; but a claim for office is what the people have no right to demand. No reasonable man of any party will expect the Administration to be responsible for the responsibility, and of the obvious elements of political partisanship, known to be under the influence of political partisanship, in positions, which will require, not only severe labour, but cordial cooperation. Having no implied engagement, and no reward to bestow, no resentments to remember, and no personal views to consult, in elections for official station, I shall fulfil this difficult and delicate trust, admitting no motive as worthy either of my character or position, which does not contemplate the good of duty and the best interests of my country. I acknowledge my obligations to the masses of my countrymen, and to them alone. Higher objects than personal aggrandizement gave direction and energy to their exertions in the late canvass, and they will not be disappointed. They require at hands diligence, integrity and capacity, wherever there are duties to be performed. Without these qualities in their public servants, more stringent laws, for the prevention or punishment of fraud, negligence and oppression, will be vain. With them, they will be unnecessary.

But these are not the only points, to which you look for vigilant watchfulness. The dangers of a concentration of all power in the General Government of a Confederacy so vast as ours, are too obvious to be disguised. You have a right, therefore, to expect me, as agents, in every department, to regard strictly the limits imposed upon them by the Constitution of the United States. The great scheme of our constitutional history rests upon a proper distribution of power between the State and Federal authorities; and experience has shown, that the harmony and happiness of our people must depend upon a just discrimination between the separate rights and responsibilities of the two Governments. Your common right and obligations under the Federal Government, and under the State Government, are the considerations, which should form the true basis of future conduct in regard to the questions which have most seriously disturbed public tranquility. If the Federal Government can exercise its powers, and exercise powers legally granted by the Constitution, I can hardly happen that its action upon any question should endanger the institutions of the States, or interfere with their rights to manage matters strictly domestic according to the will of their own people.

In expressing briefly my views upon an important subject which has recently agitated the nation to a fearful degree, I am moved by no other impulse than a most earnest desire for the perpetuation of that Union, which has made us what we are, showering upon us blessings, and conferring a power and influence upon our fathers could hardly have anticipated, even with their most sanguine hopes directed to a far-off future. The sentiments I now announce were not unknown before the expression of the voice which called me here. My own position, upon the subject, is unchanged. I believe that the record of my words and my acts, and it is only returned to at this time because silence might, perhaps, be misconstrued. With the Union, my best and dearest earthly hopes are entwined. Without it, I have no inheritance, and in a spirit of self-sacrificing patriotism, and, as time has proved, with a comprehensive wisdom which it will always be safe for us to consult. Every measure tending to strengthen the fraternal feelings of all the members of our Union, has had my hearty approval. To every theory of society or government, whether the offspring of feverish ambition or of morbid enthusiasm, calculated to dissolve the bonds of law and affection which unite us, I shall interpose a ready and stern resistance.

In my private writings, as it exists in different States of this confederacy, is recognized by the Constitution. I believe that it stands like any other admitted right, and that the States where it exists are entitled to efficient remedies to enforce the constitutional provision. It is not the law of the land, commonly called the "Compromise Measures," are strictly constitutional, and to be unhesitatingly carried into effect. I believe that the constituted authorities of this Republic are entitled to regard the law of the land, as it is, and not as they would view it, if they were to enforce them. As right, and that the laws to enforce them should be respected and obeyed, not with a reluctance encouraged by abstract opinions as to their propriety in a different state of society, but cheerfully, and according to the decisions of the tribunal to which their execution be-

longs. Such have been, and are, my convictions, and upon them I shall act. I fervently hope that the question is at rest, and that no sectional, or ambitious, or partial excitement may again threaten the durability of our institutions, or obscure the light of our present-ty.

But let not the foundation of our hope rest upon man's wisdom. It will not be sufficient that sectional prejudices, and no place in the public deliberation. It will not be sufficient that the rash counsels of human passions are rejected. It must be felt, that there is no national security but in the nation's wisdom, acknowledged dependence upon God and His overruling providence.

We have been carried in safety through a perilous crisis. Wise counsels, like those which gave us the Constitution, prevailed to uphold it. Let the period be remembered as an admonition, and not as an encouragement, in any section of the Union, to make experiments where experiments are fraught with such fearful hazard. Let it be impressed upon all hearts, that, beautiful as our fabric is, no earthly power or wisdom could reunite its broken fragments. Standing as I do almost within view of the green slopes of Monticello, and, as it were, within reach of the tomb of Washington, with all the cherished memories of the past gathering around me, like so many eloquent voices of exhortation from Heaven, I express my warm hope for my country, than that the kind Providence, which, smiled upon our fathers, may enable their children to preserve the blessings they have inherited.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Receipts for the Standard.

From January 1st, to March 1st, 1853.

690 Mary Springstead, Caramora, N. Y.	\$2 00
673 Julia A. Wilbur, Rochester, "	2 00
732 Dr. E. Howe, Cambridge, Mass.	10 00
688 E. Ayres, Gouverneur, N. Y.	0 51
680 F. Morton, Plymouth, Mass.	3 40
676 J. M. Robins, Milton, "	2 00
651 John M. Spear, Boston, "	0 50
687 Robert Johnson, New York City,	1 00
671 Rev. John Anderson, Ithaca, N. Y.	2 00
557 E. Martin, Akron, O.	5 00
707 A. G. Hussey, Nantucket, Mass.	2 00
658 T. Pendergast, Newburyport, Mass.	5 00
660 J. B. Mosher, Millport, N. Y.	1 84
677 R. Haydock, New York City, "	2 00
700 R. Marriott, Standfordville, N. Y.	2 00
700 Wm. Marsh, South Barre, "	2 00
711 Wm. Pope, Jr., Harrison Square, Mass.	2 00
672 Mrs. M. A. Babcock, Boston, "	2 00
682 Joseph C. Garr, Spencerstown, N. Y.	1 00
710 Phebe A. Constock, Mabbettville, N. Y.	4 00
644 J. W. Cook, Brunswick, Me.	2 00
664 J. R. Moore, Havana, N. Y.	2 00
716 James O. L. Foster, Rockland, Me.	2 00
634 V. H. Hallcock, Pooksville, N. Y.	2 00
676 D. Stevens, Palmyra, O.	2 00
674 L. Thomas, Plymouth, Mass.	2 00
677 W. S. George, Boston, Mass.	1 00
680 John Tweedy, Pleasant Valley, N. Y.	2 00
672 W. Tappan, Bradford, N. H.	2 00
716 Wm. Holmes, Brooklyn, N. Y.	2 00
657 S. A. Barrett, Milton, "	3 00
625 P. Ware, Medford, Mass.	4 00
730 Lewis Perry, North Easton, N. Y.	2 00
708 Joseph Sloam, Keene, N. H.	2 00
709 J. B. Pound, Lockport, N. Y.	2 00
688 R. Owen, Coneywag, "	2 00
687 F. Purdy, Magadore, O.	2 00
676 C. Gwinn, West Roxbury, Mass.	2 00
709 Harriet M. Carlton, Boston, "	2 00
680 John Orton, Sherman, Conn.	3 00
658 E. C. Macy, Hudson, N. Y.	2 00
676 Anti-Slavery Society, Concord, Mass.	2 00
698 T. Downing, Pleasant Valley, N. Y.	2 00
698 A. B. Pope, Somerville, Mass.	5 00
656 J. T. Hallcock, Milton, N. Y.	6 50
698 Sarah Hallock, "	2 00
710 J. M. Aldrich, Fall River, Mass.	2 00
698 Wm. Merritt, Battle Creek, Mich.	1 50
688 C. G. Davis, Boston, Mass.	2 00
728 S. G. A. Woodworth, Sandy Hill, N. Y.	2 00
710 Rev. J. D. Martin, Tullyville, Ireland.	2 00
697 F. Hovey, Richmond, Ind.	2 00
712 Alcinda Smith, "	2 00
998 L. Denindorf, Cedarville, N. Y.	2 00
684 S. B. Broughton, Middleville, "	0 50
710 Anna Bagg, South Wales, N. Y.	2 00
676 P. R. Moriam, Ashburnham, Mass.	2 00
714 Phebe T. Wilbur, North Easton, N. Y.	2 00
673 James Jones, Peru, Ind.	2 00
628 Laura McKee, Delevan, Wis.	1 00
— John Allen, Walnut Creek, Ind.	4 00
686 Chas. Atkinson, "	5 00
712 Jesse Owen, "	2 00
754 S. Howland, Sherwood's Bridge, Pa.	5 00
— J. W. Tyson, Perkiomen Creek, Pa.	3 00
646 A. Sumner, Willow Grove, O.	2 00
679 M. Tomlinson, "	4 00
680 A. M. Chase, Boston, Mass.	2 00
650 J. Johnson, "	3 00
651 Thomas Davis, Providence, R. I.	3 00
710 M. B. Johnson, Lynn, Mass.	2 00

\$176 75

COLLECTIONS BY J. H. AND M. A. PHILLO.

Mrs. A. E. Hurd, Norway, Herkimer Co., N. Y.	\$1 00
H. T. Horton, "	1 00
L. L. Selby, Fairfield, "	1 00
H. L. Eaton, Cedarville, "	1 00
Horatio Deas, "	1 00
Samuel Matthews, "	1 00
Lewis Derendorf, "	1 00
Ladies A. S. Sewing Society, West Winfield, "	5 00
Herkimer County, New York, "	1 00
Harry Thomas, West River, Otsego, N. Y.	1 00

and narrow spirit had not yet departed here, which, in 1707, proposed that young men should be obliged to marry at a certain age, and that only two sorts of clothes should be worn, one kind for summer, and one for winter.

[For the Standard.]

How the birth-days come and go,
Till, like February's snow,
They but remind of long ago!
Long ago—when the ring
Of the blood's unbanded fling,
Was like a rill, let loose by Spring.

Now, the pulse's broken play
Is like that stream, snow-hid, to day,
And the stirring comes for aye!

And the Spring seems far away!
Far away—it only seems—
While like lover's hope, in dreams,
'Neath calm of sleep, the Great Hope teems!
Teems with an awakening life,
As the buried seed, now rife
With an inward swell and strife:
Strife to break the frozen clod
On which Winter long hath trod,
And second to leech with God

To greet the youth, on life's highway,
 'T would be more than years could bear—
 More than stricken lines of care,
 Write in whitening hands of hair.
 So God fits the birth-day cheer
 To the Great Hope booming near,
 When chill Feb'rus is here :
 And, list ! the grateful chickadee
 As now I sing, singa back to me:
 "Life is gracious unto thee."

I smelt a wildweed-flower alone;
There was a ringing in my ears,
And both my eyes gushed out with tears.
Surely all pleasant things had gone before,
Lowburied fathom deep beneath with thee, *No more*

A.

ANACREONTICS.

With roses musky breathed,
And drooping daffodilly,
And silver-played lily

Who sailed from Migram underneath the star
Named of the dragon—and between whose limbs
Of brassy vastness broadblown argoies
Drive into heaven? Yet endure unscathed
Of changeful cycles the great Pyramids
Broadbased amid the fleeting sands, and sloped
Into the slumbrous summernoon; but where,
Mysterious Egypt, are thine obelisks
Graven with gorgeous emblems undiscerned?

ALFRED TENNYSON,
THE POOR RELATION'S STORY.
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

He was very reluctant to take precedence
many respected members of the family, by begin-
the round of stories they were to relate as first;
in a goodly circle at the Christmas fire; a

I have no doubt (said the poor relation) that shall surprise the assembled members of our family and particularly John our esteemed host to whom we are so much indebted for the great hospitality which he has this day extended towards us, that I am going to make a bad business of it. But if you do me the honour to be surprised by anything that falls from the person so unimportant in the family as I am, may I say that I shall be scrupulously accurate in relating it.

I am not what I am supposed to be. I am another thing. Perhaps before I go further, I had better glance at what I am supposed to be.

I am at present a bachelor of between fifty-ninety six years of age, living on a limited income of £100 per annum, and receiving from the Government a quarterly allowance, to which I am entitled as a pensioner of the House of Commons. My only friend, John our esteemed host wishes me to make my residence at his house.

The supposition as to my present pursuits is that I am engaged in the study of the habits of insects to the following effect.

I live in a lodging in the Clapham Road, near the Clapham Common, in a very respectable house, where I am expected not to be at home in the

penance. Having still a little money to spend on evening's entertainment, I looked into the established coffee-shop as I go home, and take my tea, and perhaps my bit of toast. So, as the hand of the clock makes its way round to the dining hour again, I make my way round to the Ham Road again, and go to bed when I get lodging—fire being expensive, and objected to by the family on account of its giving trouble and a dirt.

The only exception to this general rule is the child of my first cousin, Little Frank. I have a particular affection for that child, and he takes very kindly to me. He is a diffident boy by nature; and in a crowd he is soon run over, as I may say, and forgotten. He and I, however, get on exceedingly well. I have a fancy that the poor child will in time succeed to my peculiar position in the family. We talk but little; still, we understand each other. We walk about, hand in hand; and without much

When little Frank is sent to school in the country, I shall be very much at a loss what to do with myself, but I have the intention of walking down there once a month and seeing him on a half-holiday. I am told he will then be at play upon the Heath; and if my visits should be objected to, as unsettling the children, I can see him from a distance without his seeing me, and walk back again. His mother comes of a highly genteel family, and rather disapproves, I am aware, of our being too much together. I know that I am not calculated to improve his refining disposition; but I think he would miss me beyond the feeling of

impression—circumstance which forms the aim and purpose of my statement, and this is all wrong. This is not my life, and these are not my habits. I do not even live in the Clapham Road. Comparatively speaking, I am very seldom there. I reside, mostly, in a—I am almost ashamed to say the word, it sounds so full of pretension—in a Castle. I do not mean that it is an old baronial habitation, but still it is a building always known to every one by the name of a Castle. In it, I preserve the particulars of my history; I run thus:

It was when I first took John Spatter (who had

Christiana accepted me with her mother's consent and I was rendered very happy indeed. My life with my Uncle Chill's was of a spare dull kind, and my garret chamber was as dull, and bare, and cold, as an upper prison room in some stern northern fortress. But, having Christiana's love, I wanted nothing further. I would not have changed my lot with any human being.

We rose so early always, that at that time of the year we breakfasted by candle-light. When I went into the room, my uncle was so contracted by the cold, and so huddled together in his chair behind the one dim candle, that I did not see him until I was close to the table.

As I held out my hand to him, he caught up a stick (being infirm, he always walked about the house with a stick), and made a blow at me, saying, "You fool!"

"Uncle," I returned, "I didn't expect you to be so angry as this." Nor had I expected it, though I was a hybrid and mixed-blood man.

"Look at the snivelling milkop!" said my uncle.

"Look at the baby! This is the gentleman people say, is nobody's enemy but his own. This is the gentleman who can't say no. This is the gentleman who was making such large profits in his business that he must needs take a partner, to-day. This is the gentleman who is going to be a wife without a penny, and who falls into the hands of Jezabels who are speculating on my death!"

I knew now how great my uncle's rage was.

for the breakfast to which I was bidden in terms; but, I took my accustomed seat. I saw I was repudiated henceforth by my uncle; could bear that very well, possessing Christ's heart.

He emptied his basin of bread and milk as only that he took it on his knees with his chair away from the table where I sat. When he done, he carefully snuffed out the candle; and cold, slate-coloured, miserable day looked in upon

"Your servant, ma'am," said my uncle, to the other. "You divine the purpose of my visit, I may say, ma'am: I understand there is a world of mere, disinterested, faithful love cooped up here. I am happy to bring it all it wants, to make it complete. I bring you your son-in-law, ma'am—and your husband, miss. The gentleman is a perfect stranger to me, but I wish him joy of his wise

My dear Mother, have you ever said that I loved you, and I have pledged myself to be your wife. I am as much yours through all changes of good and evil as if we had been married on the day when such words passed between us. I know you well, and know that if we should be separated and our union broken off, your whole life would be shadowed, and all that might, even now be stronger in your character for the conflict with me. The world would then be weakened to the shadow of what it is.¹⁻²²

I was blindsided, that day, and a new world opened to me. We were married in a very little while, and I took my wife to our happy home. That was the beginning of the residence I have spoken of; the Castle we have ever since inhabited together, dates from that time. All our children have been born in it. Our first child—now married—was a little girl, whom we called Christiana. Her son is so like Little Frank, that I hardly know which is which.

The current impression as to my partner's dealings with me is also quite erroneous. He did not

"Michael," said John. "We were at school together, and I generally had the kraok of getting off better than you, and making a higher reputation. You had Lohp," I returned.

"Although," said John, "I borrowed your books and lost them; borrowed your pocket-money, and never repaid it; got you to buy my damaged knife at a higher price than I had given for them new and to own to the windows that I had broken."

"All not worth mentioning, John Spatter," said

"Now my good friend," said John, drawing me
arm through his, as he had had a habit of doing
school; while two vessels outside the windows
our counting-house—which were shaped like the
stern windows of a ship—went lightly down the river
with the tide, as John and I might then be sailing
away in company, and in trust and confidence, on

"Never," said he, "but I am putting a case—say, and if I were further to abuse that trust, keeping this piece of our common affairs in the dark, and this piece in the light, and again this piece in the twilight, and so on, I should strengthen my strength, and weaken your weakness day by day, until at last I found myself on the high road to fortune, and you left behind on some back common, a hopeless number of miles out of the way."

"Exactly so," said I.

"To prevent this, Michael," said John Spatter, "or the remotest chance of this, there must be published."

"And I, too," said John.

"Exactly so," cried I. "We both have the same end in view; and, honourably seeking it, and trusting one another, and having but one interest, we shall be as prosperous and happy partners as ever." "I am sure of it!" returned John Spatter. And we shook hands most affectionately.

I took John home to my Castle, and we had a very happy day. Our partnership thrived well.

My eldest girl, who is very like her mother, married John Spatter's eldest son. Our two families are closely united in other ties of attachment. It was very pleasant on an evening, when we are all assembled together—which frequently happens—when John and I talk over old times, and the interest there has always been between us.

I really do not know, in my Castle, what loneliness is. Some of our children or grandchildren are always about it, and the young voices of my descendants are as delightful—O how delightful! to me.

hear. My dearest and most devoted wife, ever loving, ever helpful and sustaining and consoling, the priceless blessing of my house; from whom I have received all its other blessings spring. We are rather a musical family, and when Christiana sees me, at any time, a little weary or depressed, she steals to the piano

And the Castle is ——— observed a grave, kind
 Yes, My Castle," said the poor relation, shak-
 the head as he still looked at the fire, "is in the
 John our esteemed host suggests its situation
 arately. My Castle is in the Air! I have done.

To this course we are bound,
From publicity through Beauty—
We're aware—should keep withheld,
That we must call your attention
To a tender point we know,
You will guess it when we mention
Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Sisters, daughters, wives, and mothers,
Ah! your feelings how it racks,
That your sons, sires, husbands, brothers,
Should so badly use their blacks!
Oh! we speak with hearts sincerest,

You have slaves, far worse than niggers,
That in ignorance are sunk,
Who no letters know, nor figures,
Vicious, destitute, and drunk;
Have them taught to read their Bibles,
And repeat their A. B. C;
Better this than writing libels
On the Nation of the Free.

Go exhort each male relation,
We would earnestly implore,
To relieve the dire starvation
Which is leaver at your door.

Cleanings from Foreign Publications.

THE 'WHITE SLAVES' OF ENGLAND.—The tenantry of the Duke of Devonshire lately begged his Grace to sit for his portrait, and, after a modest demurrer, have obtained his consent. At their request his Grace has named the artist—the gentleman chosen being Sir Edward Landseer. An engraving is to be taken from the portrait, "so that," to use the words of the tenantry,

—A LONDON EDITOR FIFTY YEARS AGO.—Our editor was originally intended for the Kirk, and was a well-informed person; but to see him at or after mid night in his official chair, a writing his "leader," was a treat for a philosopher. With the slips of paper before him, a pot of porter close at hand, and a pipe of tobacco in his mouth, or casually laid down; he proceeded *secundum artem*. The head hung with the ohn on his collar-bone, as in deep thought—a whiff—another—at a tug at the beer—and a line and a half or two lines committed to the blotted paper.—*Jerdan's Autobiography.*

—REPUTED ORIGIN OF "BLACKGUARDISM."—In all great houses, but particularly in royal residences, there were a number of mean and dirty dependants, whose office it was to attend the wood yard, sculleries, &c. Of these (for in the lowest depth there was a lower still) the most forlorn wretches seem to have been selected to carry coals to the kitchens, halls, &c. To this smutty regiment, who attended the progresses, and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, which, with every other article of furniture, were then moved from palace

the "Patrician," vol. vi., p. 372, tells how Washington endeavoured to win the love of Mary Phillippe, and how he failed; how years rolled on, and the rejected lover as Commander-in-Chief of the American forces, was supplanted by the same Mary, then the wife of Roger Morris, to spare the life of Andre. The appeal failed, and one of the General's aides was ordered to conduct the lady beyond the lines.—*Notes and Queries.*

—An English paper gives a new use for milk. It says: A novel discovery has recently been made, which is likely to effect a revolution in the milk trade. In consequence of the advance in the price of olive oil from £40 per tun to £70, the manufacturers of woollen cloths, who use this oil in large quantities, have found out that necessity is the mother of invention. One of them, in the neighbourhood of Thurlstone, near Penzance, tried whether milk mixed with oil would not answer the purpose of the olive oil, and this he has done.

and bankruptcy of traders, &c., are the consequence and the chastisement thereof. The prelate gives as an example hotel and innkeepers: They, he says, for being neglected to observe the fast days ordered by the Church by supplying their guests with meat, have seen the pestilence of railway fall on them. If it were true since railways convey travellers with rapidity to the destinations, hotel and innkeepers established in intermediate places have seen their houses deserted by the crowds who used to frequent them when people travelled on horseback or on foot, even in diligences. B

—THE EMPRESS'S GRAND AUNT AT DUMFRIES. Having observed that one of the titles of the intended empress of France was "Kirkpatrick de Closeburn

—AN ALARMING SACRIFICE IN BATAVIA.—The *Journal des Débats*, quoting from the *Java-Bode* (a paper published at Batavia), gives an account of a sale of slaves at the Chinese camp. The slaves, being in number, having been placed upon the table of exposition, disposed in four lots, rattled some in their hands and addressed a few words, timidly in low tones, to the assembly. A person who as their agent here stepped forward, and stated his clients, having accumulated, by long and painful toils, some small savings, solicited the favour of

On this week, we will say a word on Faraday's lecture, "On the Magnetic Forces" at the Royal Institution—a lecture which commanded the attention of the crowded audience we remember within those walls. Faraday is still pursuing his researches, and has not yet arrived at any conclusion sufficiently definite to go forward; but he gave one of his admirable expositions of the nature and objects of his search in determining magnetic force, and called attention to a most remarkable and far-reaching discovery recently made in the discovery which, while it opens new tracks

know that every ten years there has been a cycle of variations; what then? What are these said spots, at do the groups mean, how do they affect us? Jones is nothing but astral twaddling in this patient observation. And in truth, so long as the fact remains an isolated fact, it is silent to us; but connect it with some other fact, and it may discourse significantly. Can it be done? There seems good hope it may.

While our German friend was busy with his groups of sun-spots, an Englishman was busy with the variations of the magnetic needle. He, too, was a patient

—The London papers contain a letter from Kosuth to Capt. Mayne Reid, thanking him for denying the authenticity of an address, to the Hungarian Sol-

Once the time will come (and come it shall). Undoubtedly will I, in the name of our country, desire it, wheresoever you may then be, to side with the people round the banner of liberty. That is a sacred duty. Our enemy is the same everywhere, and the people's cause is one and the same, alike as there is but one God! one honour? and one liberty!

But this I only shall do at the right time. The present time was not the right one.

Of one thing you may rest assured, and that is, that

to that in our own dear country, where I shall have to
fight for freedom and right in Hungary, while you will
be fighting for it in Italy; my appeal will reach you
by the hand of a gallant Hungarian commander, whom
I will charge to lead you on to the field of glory, fight-
ing forward home, to join the banner which I shall
hold there.

Of this you may rest assured. Until then be pre-
pared, but wait. Don't play your blood wantonly.

The fatherland, the world is needing it. For freedom
and fatherland!

L. KOSUTH.

prisoners. Among these are now to be found many respectable people. More executions are expected, as hangmen have been sent for in the neighbouring provinces. All the theatres are shut up—an order is on the point of being issued compelling the municipality of Milan to settle a pension for life on all the wounded military, and all the widows, relations, or children of the killed. Many Hungarian officers and soldiers are arrested, and several have been shot in the Castle (of Milan) for having shown sympathy for the people.

Our Government, on the other hand, has ordered the

The *Opinione* of Turin states that the gates of Milan have been re-opened. The police, according to this paper, are still making new arrests, and the prisons are so full that the prisoners for debt have been released to make room for others. The quarter of Porta Tosa has

Letters from Novara of the 10th, in the *Opintone* of Turin, state that all the refugees living in the communes adjoining the frontier of Lombardy have been ordered to remove either to Vercelli or Cassale, at their choice.